

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 21, 1916  
PRICE TEN CENTS

# Puck



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Painted by Hamilton King

LOVE POWDER

Puck

# HOW TO CULTIVATE YOUR VITAL FORCES

## How to Become a Veritable Giant in Health and Mind by Developing Your Unused Powers

By W. W. WASHBURN

Through this new system of intense cultivation of the cells, you can become so tinglingly alive with energy and power, so brimful of health and vitality that you can literally double the fruits of your life in every department.

The chief difference between great success and failure in life is largely a difference in vital energy. The man who is teeming with enthusiasm—who seems to bubble with super-vitality, is the man who gets to the top in every line of work, while others who may be in just as good health but who lack that extra energy of mind and body—that dynamic spark—never assume lasting leadership. It's the vitality plus that makes all the difference, and that is what this new system gives you.

### You Can Become the Hundredth Man

Are you one of the ninety-nine men out of each hundred who can hardly get up in the morning—who never feel as though they'd had enough sleep? Or do you jump out of bed thoroughly refreshed, so full of energy that you can hardly wait to begin the day?

And when you get to the office, do you dive into your work with that spirit of enthusiasm that knows no obstacles, or do you have to drive yourself to get your work done at all?

And after the day is over are you worn out—too tired to enjoy the evening, or do you feel just as full of vitality as though your work has refreshed you instead of wearing you out?

Unless you have the extra energy, the added vital forces to make your daily activities seem as though they don't even begin to tax your energy, you are enjoying but a small portion of the possibilities of life. You are not making your working hours pay you the dividends they should, neither are you able to enjoy your leisure hours as you should.

### A Wonderful Discovery

Conscious Evolution is a remarkable system of recreating the vital forces through intensive cultivation of the cells. And yet, like all great discoveries, it is amazingly simple and easy. No drugs or medicines of any kind are used, no dieting, no tiresome exercises, no self-denial of any kind, and the results are nothing short of marvelous. Swoboda believes in living a full life—an intense life, and his system makes it possible.

Man is made up of billions of cells. These cells govern life. Upon their activity depends the degree of health and energy we possess. Swoboda shows you how to increase the useful activity of these cells, which in many cases are nearly totally dead.

Among Swoboda's pupils are scores of senators, cabinet members, physicians, ministers and prominent business men, many of whom say they owe their success, their health and their very lives to Swoboda.

### Double Your Efficiency

Swoboda will show you how to build a keener brain, a more superb, energetic body, stronger muscle, a more vigorous heart, a healthier stomach, more active bowels, a better liver and perfect kidneys. He has, times without number, shown how to overcome general debility, listlessness, lack of ambition, lack of vitality—how to revitalize, regenerate and restore every part of the body to its normal state—how to recuperate the vital forces—creating a type of physical and mental super-efficiency that almost invariably results in greater material benefits than you ever before dreamed were possible to you.

Swoboda is only one perfect example of the Swoboda system. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him,

and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda System of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed mind and body—in his wonderful energy—the correctness of his theories and of the success of his methods.

### A Startling Book — FREE

No matter how well you feel, no matter how successful you are, Swoboda has written a wonderful book that you should read—a book that shows how you can become ten times as healthy, ten times as full of energy and vitality, ten times as capable of enjoying life to the full as you've ever been before. Until you read this book and learn what Swoboda has done for others, you can never know the possibilities of life that you are missing.

Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter, or even a postal card, and mail to Alois P. Swoboda, 1980 Aeolian Bldg., New York. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages in Swoboda's book, you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. By all means do not delay, do not say "I'll do it later," but send the coupon or a letter or postal now, while the matter is on your mind. Remember the book is absolutely free—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write now.

Please send me your free copyrighted book, "Conscious Evolution."

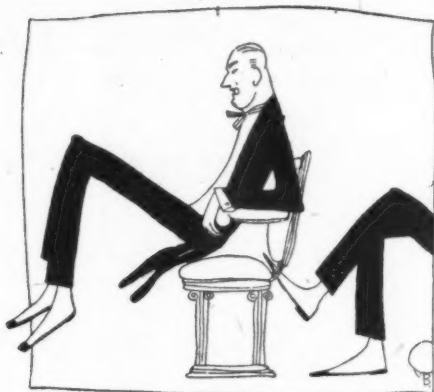
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City..... State.....

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1980 Aeolian Bldg. New York, N. Y.

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Since the gentleman in front cannot greatly enjoy the show, we announce for his benefit the appearance next Monday of the

### Theatrical Number of

**Puck**

On the cover, Ralph Barton has immortalized a Broadway manager at the very instant of discovering a great new actress.

James Huneker is back from the Antilles—just in time to complete a masterly satire on things theatrical.

Oliver Herford, Otho Cushing, Everett Shinn, Ethel Plummer, Helena Smith-Dayton—they will all have a part in making this the best of all the Autumn numbers.

Yes, yes, of course—the newsdealer must be approached early, just to make doubly sure.



10 cents a copy \$5.00 per year

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### A Famous Bunner Story

Perhaps of all the short stories Henry C. Bunner wrote, none created more attention at the time than "The Joke on M. Peptonneau." Many Bunner enthusiasts classified it as an adaptation from De Maupassant, which it was not. Everybody was amused by it, and it has long been quoted as a characteristic invention of this master humorist.

Next week we republish "The Joke on M. Peptonneau," and for the first time the true story of its conception is told in an introduction by a former member of the Puck staff. The illustrations by Everett Shinn lend an entirely new note of interest to this classic.

"The Joke on M. Peptonneau" is a recital of an actual incident in the editorial office of Puck, some twenty years ago. Mr. Bunner saw the possibilities of the piece of office humor and turned it into the story which is now so familiar to all lovers of his work.

With this story, the Bunner revival comes to a close, and added features to take the place of the Bunner stories will be announced in subsequent issues.

### Send PUCK to College

If the boy is off to begin his freshman year, he will appreciate the regular weekly arrival of Puck on his reading table.

On page 27 you will find a convenient coupon for providing a special three months' subscription to Puck. This coupon has the additional advantage of carrying with it one of Puck's famous art prints.





Voice of the pirate captain's mother:  
"Clar - r - r - ence!"

#### Things Without Which Political Cartoonists Would Have Hard Sledding

Mexican sombreros.  
Roosevelt's teeth.  
Hughes's whiskers.  
Wilson's jaw.  
The Kaiser's moustache.  
Spiked helmets.  
Uncle Sam's striped pants.  
John Bull's vest.  
Father Knickerbocker.  
The American eagle.  
The Democratic donkey.  
The Republican elephant.  
The Laborer's paper cap.  
The Capitalist's big stomach.  
The dinner pail.  
The dove of peace.

—Kenneth L. Roberts



"Just back from your wedding trip, eh? Too bad you had such rotten weather! You couldn't have enjoyed yourself a particle!"

MR. WASHINGTON JACKSON (colored) pointing an ebony digit at a plate of chocolate eclairs in a bakery: "Let me have some of them lady fingers, please!"

Comparatively few cars were running, but President Shonts of the Interborough said that department store heads assured him that their business was better than usual. A remark similar to that of the distillers whenever a state goes dry, viz: More liquor is consumed in a dry community than in a wet one. Obviously, the best boon for the liquor interests would be nationwide prohibition. Obviously, also, the best thing for business in New York, according to Mr. Shonts, would be a perpetual strike.

## "Ice Water, Pl—"

"I tell you that Ruby has got it more like a queen than a boarding house keeper's daughter—did you see yet her new white spats to-night?" asked Mrs. Katz. And that was the chief complaint she and Mrs. Finshriber had against Mrs. Kaufman's house. However, about the life, habits and gossip of the fifteen boarders, Fannie Hurst has written a delightfully realistic comedy-romance. It is called "Ice-Water, Pl—" and will appear in the October 15th issue of

5¢ a copy  
**Collier's**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY  
416 West 13th Street, New York



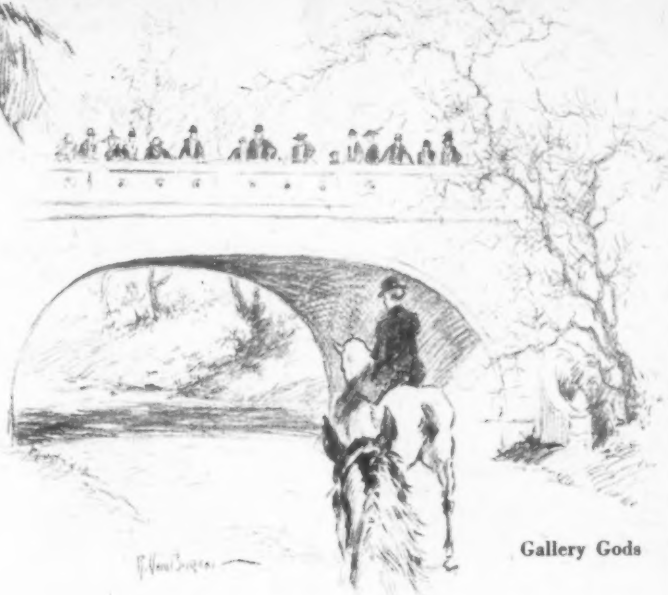
BOOTED AND SPURRED



The Side Saddle Persists



The Third Generation



Gallery Gods



Tuesdays and Thursdays



On



Off

The Beginner



Grooms



Mounting by the Sherman statue, 5th Ave., and 59th St.



Black and White

Sketches by R. Van Buren



Quoth the Colonel in that chiding way of his: "It is a President's duty, no less than it was Mrs. Cæsar's, to escape reasonable suspicion of wrong-doing." Permit us to remark that Cæsar's wife had to tread a much narrower path than any President of the United States. Mrs. Cæsar, for example, could never extricate herself from a delicate situation by saying: "You and I are both practical men." Oyster Bay papers please copy.

"Diamonds found in garbage," says a headline blithely. Further proof, we presume Republican organs will say, that Prosperity is but "accidental."

He pictured Mr. Wilson as shift, unreliable, a political opportunist, a persistent employer of weasel words, a hypocrite.

— Summary of the Colonel's Battle Creek Speech.

In the face of this, how can President Wilson say that the campaign is lacking in the elements of an "intellectual contest?"

Among other reasons for hoping that the war will go on is the thought that peace might remind Great Britain that Lloyd George is "socialistically inclined" and "a disturber of the existing order of things."

"I never complained of any attack on me unless it was false." — T. R.

The height of superfluity. Any attack upon "Me" is necessarily false. We have it on the authority of the ancients that a King can do no wrong.

Said the President in a recent address: "Wall Street formerly controlled the Treasury of the United States. It even had a desk in the Treasury Department." A desk? Why, as we understood it, the Treasury Department was merely Wall Street's Washington office.

"Since Fort Sumter was fired on, there has been no such assault upon the right of the American people to rule themselves as that of the four Railroad Brotherhoods at Washington in August of the present year."

— Colonel George Harvey.

Hearing which, the skeletons in the closets of certain Congressional Committee-rooms—notably those where tariff bills were framed in the days of Aldrich—rattle themselves merrily and grin reminiscently.

Carranza is meriting the title of the Mexican Kill-joy. His latest decree provides that "if a President dies, the man who fills out his term shall not be eligible for election for another term until a period of four years has elapsed." This is a direct and unmistakable slap at the great Mexican principle of succession by assassination.



CHORUS: "Wilson wouldn't recognize him."

— Drawn by W. C. Morris



G. O. P.: "Git for home, you Wilson brat!"

— Drawn by W. C. Morris



## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson

Just four hundred quitted  
Their jobs, it's admitted,  
In Gotham's "Great General Strike;"  
The car strike, by golly!  
Is off of its trolley,  
And people can ride all they like.

The milk strike is over,  
But now that each drover  
Is raised, it has served to arouse  
The farmer himself to  
Plan strikes for more pelf, too—  
The next thing's a strike by the cows!

The "Russian Resurgence"  
Is showing more urgency;  
The Bear is again bearing down,  
With paws never pausing.  
His advent is causing  
Much worry in Przemyśl town.

"Rumania's losing!"  
"She's winning!"—Confusing  
Indeed are reports, but we guess  
She's making some dents in  
The lines of Mackensen  
And causing the Bulgars distress.

The troops of the English  
And French still distinguish  
Themselves by their daring advance.  
(Four thousand men daily  
Give up their lives gaily  
To drive the invader from France.)

And meantime, Peace flutters  
Her white wings and utters  
Her peep, which is pretty, no doubt;  
But nobody loves her,  
And each nation shoves her  
Aside, with a raucous "Git out!"

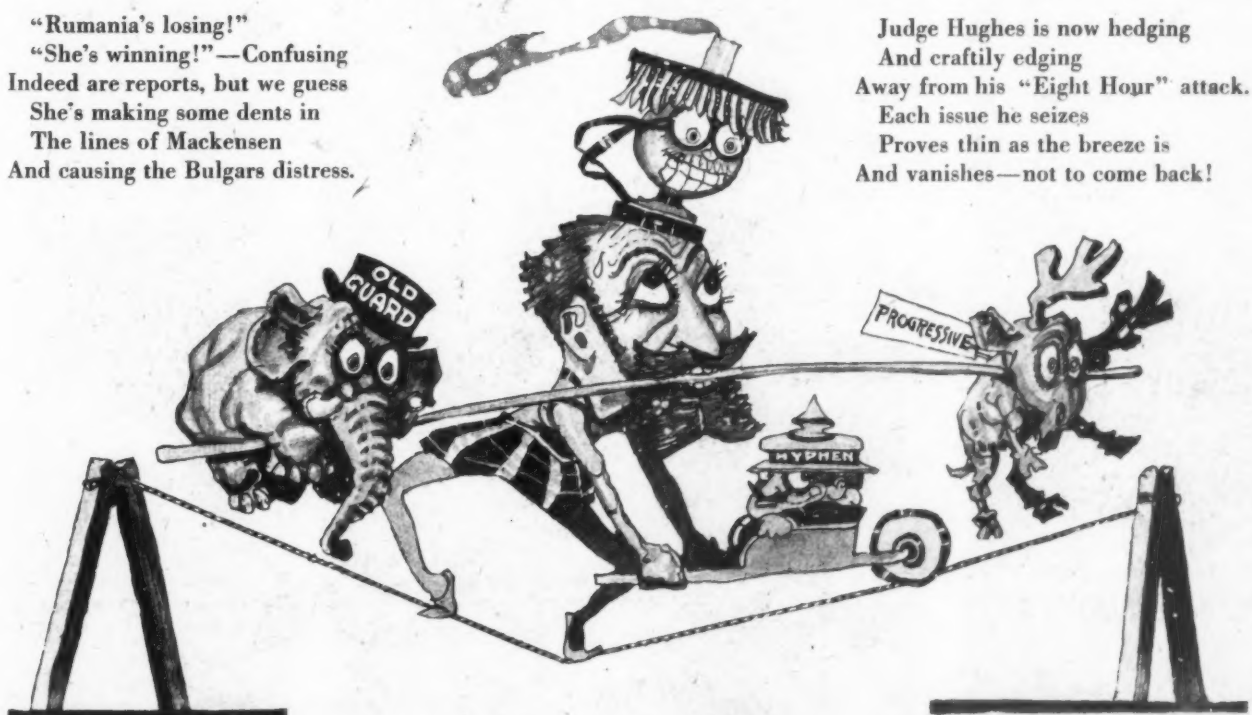
Our fleet has a plan on  
For sixteen inch cannon,  
And thought that no more could be done  
Then felt very skittish  
When told that the British  
Were making an eighteen inch gun!

That flip young Carranza  
Quite firmly demands a  
Return of our troops with a rush;  
To which Prexy Wilson  
Responds with: "Be still, son.  
Don't yell, you annoy me. Now hush!"

The volatile Giants,  
Regaining their science,  
Showed speed at the last, but too late.  
A past greatly checkered  
Makes useless their record  
Of twenty-six victories—straight!

"The doctors are urgin'  
The knife"—says a surgeon—  
"Too often. They're cut-ups for fair."  
Vince Astor, at present,  
Is planning a pleasant  
Big party, perhaps you'll be there.

Judge Hughes is now hedging  
And craftily edging  
Away from his "Eight Hour" attack.  
Each issue he seizes  
Proves thin as the breeze is  
And vanishes—not to come back!







ALL TOGETHER — “Gott strafe Wilson!”

— Drawn by Boardman Robinson



VOL. LXXX No. 2068



WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 21, 1916

### Wilson and Peace or Hughes and War?

**W**HEN President Wilson pointed out the "certain prospect" of this country being embroiled in the European war and forced into war with Mexico if Mr. Hughes should be elected to the Presidency of the United States, he voiced a thought that has been in the minds of many Americans since Mr. Hughes began to criticize the foreign policies of this government that have kept the country at peace with all the world.

President Wilson has kept the country out of war by the methods of diplomacy. On several occasions he has used strong language to secure acceptance of his contentions and demands. By the threat of severing diplomatic relations with Germany, he caused her to abandon submarine attacks upon merchant ships without warning. He employed the armed forces of the United States in Mexico as a punitive expedition and also as a border patrol, thus putting an end to border raids and aiding the Mexican government in its work of restoring order.

These were the limit of action short of war; but Mr. Hughes says they were "weak and vacillating," and would have his hearers believe that he [Mr. Hughes] would have been more forceful. He could have taken no action beyond that taken by President Wilson except to commit an act of war.

Every element in our population that wants war with a European nation is supporting Mr. Hughes. The Potsdam Germans and the Clan-na-Gael, who are supporting him, want war with Great Britain; the pro-Ally jingo element among his supporters want war with Germany; every American concessionaire with a doubtful title to property in Mexico, and every financial adventurer who wants to exploit the riches of that country, is supporting him with the "certain prospect" of a war of invasion if Mr. Hughes shall be elected.

Mr. Hughes protests, of course, that he desires peace; so did the German Kaiser, but the Kaiser had a war party behind him, and all that constitutes a war party in this country is behind Mr. Hughes.

That peace will be the "certain prospect" following the re-election of Woodrow Wilson is assured not only by his words but by his deeds that have made the United States the most potent force in the world for peace.

### Exit Mr. O'Leary

**I**f any more astounding impertinence has ever been offered the President of the United States than the two-hundred-and-fifteen word telegram signed by Jeremiah O'Leary, as president of the "American Truth Society," we have yet to encounter it. It was not only impudent, but as an effort to lend some character to O'Leary's attempts to peddle the votes of his Prussian pals, it transgressed every tenet of good taste.

Mr. Wilson's reply is as temperate as O'Leary's effusion was intemperate. We print it as a masterfully terse expression of contempt:

Shadow Lawn, Elberon, N. J., Sept. 29.

Your telegram received. I would feel deeply mortified to have you or anybody like you vote for me. Since you have access to many disloyal Americans and I have not, I will ask you to convey this message to them.

WOODROW WILSON.

The spectacle of an Irish agitator huckstering a handful of German votes is not likely to arouse a great deal of sympathy or even interest, and it has remained for President Wilson properly to appraise the political strength of the "American Spoof Society."

### Buying Back a Rejected Gift

**W**E commend Secretary of War Baker for his promptness in appointing an efficient board to consider the question of machine-gun equipment of the United States Army. Foremost among the considerations to be taken up by this board is the assertion of experts that in rejecting the machine-gun invented by Major Isaac Lewis, the Army Ordnance Department deprived the service of what has subsequently been demonstrated in the European War to be the best quick-firing weapon ever perfected.

In July, PUCK first called attention to the extraordinary achievements of the Lewis gun in the British, French and Russian armies, and at that time pointed out that this arm had been offered as a gift to the United States Army by its inventor, and that it had been rejected with little or no consideration.

Later, the story of the rejection of the Lewis gun was taken up aggressively by the *New York Times*, and the resulting disclosures were of such a nature that action on the part of the War Department was inevitable.

If the board convened by Secretary Baker recommends the Lewis gun, we shall at least have an efficient quick-fire equipment, even though we shall now be compelled to pay a royalty on a weapon that we might have had for nothing.



### Campaign News as Written

President Wilson played golf this afternoon. — *Long Branch News Item.*

*As the New York Tribune would print it:*

Mr. Wilson went out on the Spring Lake course this afternoon to try to forget for a brief space the defeat which he now fully realizes is confronting him. He was unsuccessful. There was a worried expression on his face as he teed off, and the caddies noticed that he was not even playing up to his usual game, bad as that is. He is making every effort to conceal his growing discomfiture, but the attempt is obvious. Democratic henchmen who were waiting at the executive offices this afternoon with bad news from Illinois were much annoyed at the length of time he kept them waiting, and privately admitted their growing disgust at having to truckle constantly to Wilsonian domination.

ICAN HEROES in Mexico constantly before his eyes he was unable to get any satisfaction out of the game. The DISGRACED FLAG of our nation must constantly flaunt itself before his eyes. THE MURDERED INNOCENTS of Vera Cruz and Columbus will be AVENGED.

*As the Sun would print it:*

The vacillation and ineptitude of the administration was never more strikingly emphasized than this afternoon, when Dr. Wilson idled away three hours on the golf course. His game was wretched. Careful observers noticed how he attempted to curry favor with even the caddies who accompanied him around the course, and it was obvious that he cannot avoid his contemptible methods of truckling to the labor vote whether at work or in his recreation hours.

For the first time in sixteen years Brooklyn has won a baseball pennant. We may now confidently await an entirely new crop of champions who wear Holdemup Suspenders, smoke Furious Tobacco, and do a vaudeville turn between games. Nothing like an intensive cultivation of the great national game.

The New York Tribune says that "Colonel Roosevelt has taken a firm grasp on the reins of the Republican presidential campaign." The rein metaphor is out of date. Better state, and truly, that the Colonel is giving the Republican campaign "more gas."

YOUNG MOTHER: Oh, uncle, I am so glad you've called. Baby is so cross, and it always amuses him so and makes him laugh so heartily when he sees you!



FATHER'S ERRATIC BEHAVIOR UPON OBSERVING A PIPPIN.

— Drawn by Walter de Maris

*As the World would print it:*

The President was in fine humor this afternoon as he went out to get his customary round of golf. He laughed and chatted with the caddies as he led off with a beautiful drive, and the pleasure with which he watches the growing success of the campaign, and the discomfiture of his opponents' attempts to dent his unassailable record, was apparent in every line of his face. As he finished the round of the course three strokes ahead of his best previous record he came out of the entrance to the club with a beaming smile for a group of Democratic leaders who met him with telegrams from Illinois carrying ardent assurances of support and promises of victory from prominent party leaders there.

*As the Evening Journal would print it:*

Mr. Wilson played golf this afternoon. With the BLOOD of our slaughtered AMER-

THE ASSISTANT: I have here a poem from a man serving a five years' term in the penitentiary.

THE EDITOR: Print it with a foot-note explaining the circumstances. It may serve as a warning to other poets.

"Dis heah cost o' livin'," observed Mandy Morgan, "is gittin' somethin' awful! Would yo' believe me, a single ham done cost mah husband six months in jail?"

CHARLIE: Speaking of borrowing, I have an acquaintance who has had a new overcoat of mine for a long time and he won't give it up.

DICK: Who is it?

CHARLIE: My tailor.

It is now thought that it would be all right just to call the war a draw, but where is the referee?

According to Vice President Marshall, who occasionally comes up for air, American citizens are divided into two groups or classes: Those who ask, "What can I do for my country?" and those who inquire, "What can I get my country to do for me?" Mr. Marshall forgets that other class which itches for information on still another subject: "How can I do my country?" And nobody has to put this class in the Yellowstone Park to keep it from becoming extinct, either.

Detroit has jumped in six years from the ninth largest city of the United States to the fifth. Who gets the credit? Henry Ford or Hughie Jennings?

Woman has attained an almost angelic height. — *Andrew Carnegie.*

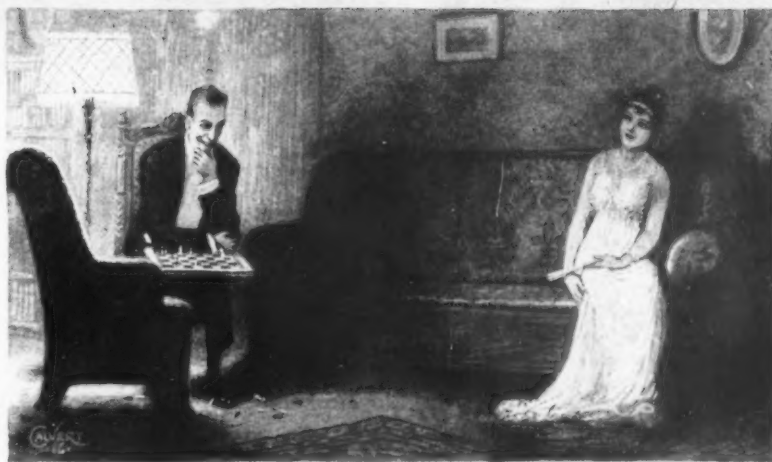
Yes, but while there are still enough small ones for "broilers," Broadway will not worry.



## Literature and Lit

Only after centuries of immortality does Literature develop into Lit. Then it is listed on college prospectuses as pabulum for the kittenish college student. Nothing is said about its qualities as a missile. The leaping, running, ball-tossing and pigskin-pushing humans to whom it is entrusted make Time, the Destroyer, look like an artist on the kerosene circuit. In what is facetiously called a study, it is no uncommon practice for the occupant to let fly a copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets at the mocking features of a classmate. It may be argued that that is the only way Shakespeare may ever hope to impress college students at all, but it is admittedly harder on the binding than years of service as the fourth leg of a three-legged bookcase. The bard of Avon in the latter instance is at least useful, even though he is permitted to accumulate dust. And when we remember that the book-case holds all that is dear to the student — his boxing gloves, baseball mitts and masks, tennis racquets, bats, running suits and photographic apparatus — such service is no mean honor for a scribbling poacher.

It is in the classroom, however, that Lit.



—Drawn by Calvert

### PLANNING A NEW MOVE

except the glossy-headed person who usually is unsympathetic and murmurs something about zeros.

On the whole, the principal effect of Lit. on the mental life of the student is to create a violent aversion for the printed word except when it appears underneath serial

comics in Sunday newspapers or on the sporting page.

—Elias Lieberman

Republican campaign orators are frightfully worried about the fate of the United States after peace has been declared in Europe. Disaster is due, of course, unless a good old stand-pat tariff effectually shuts out foreign competition. Nothing, however, is to prevent the American manufacturer from underselling the European on his home ground. The time-honored argument as to "surplus products" will be trotted out and dusted off for another period of service.

Mr. Shonts should not be dealt with harshly because he wrote that little letter to the Grand Jury of New York. Mr. Shonts is a railroad man, and the Grand Jury is part of the machinery of the courts. Possibly Mr. Shonts had been influenced by some reckless Socialist writer who said the railroads could sometimes control the courts.



— Drawn by C. F. Peters

### A RUDE AWAKENING

Binks learns that he has been bragging of his sleeping porch adventures to a celebrated Arctic explorer.

suffers most, because there the cruelty is mental rather than physical. A professor full of erudition but meagre of scalp-locks, acts as the Lord High Executioner. Thus, when Touchstone innocently exclaims to Rosalind: "Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool I . . ." the Prof. remarks, nonchalantly flicking a granule of dust from his shiny pate (while the students in the rear match coins of the realm), "Some commentators and critics contend that there is a pun here. They say that probably Touchstone slurred the 'r' in Arden and pronounced the words 'in Arden' as if they were 'in a den.'" Such patter puts students hep to the deep stuff, but hardly serves to diminish their interest in games of chance nor in the gentle art of kicking a neighbor's shins unobserved.

During the perusal of Shakespeare's plays, college men not infrequently confuse the names of the characters with those of fellows who are out to make teams. This shows an interest in the athletics of one's Alma Mater and is regarded as commendable by all



FRIEND: "Aw, don't give up, Jimmie. You can win her yet. Ye notice, when ye kissed her it was only her left hand she slapped ye wit'?"

### Sure, Advertising Pays!

All true friends of independent journalism have deplored the business-office domination of our modern newspapers. "The advertisers," cry these critics, "have a mortgage on free expression in the press."

From the columns of a daily newspaper published in the neighborhood of Longacre Square — the ethics of advertising forbid a more specific designation — we clip the following advertisement, which we reproduce without charge in its original space and style of display:

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

GIANTS TO-DAY WITH BOSTON — 2  
Games. 1:15 P. M. Polo Grounds. Adm. 50c.

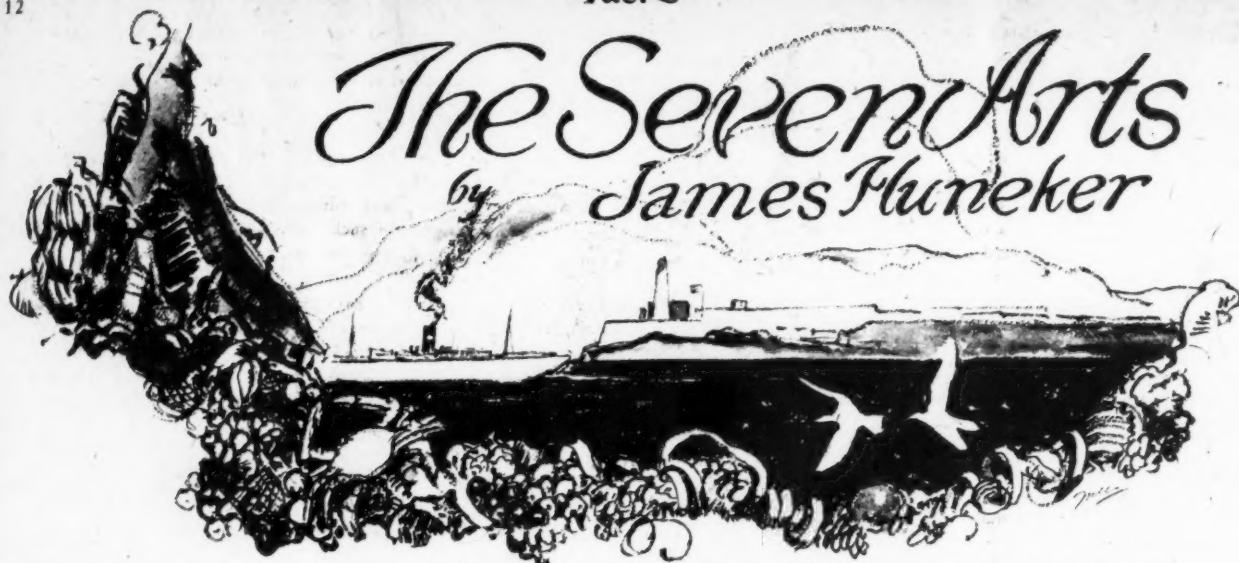
In the same issue in which this impressive and compelling piece of publicity appeared, the newspaper in question devoted five solid columns to the exploitation of the privately owned enterprise so lavishly advertised.

What merchant would not gladly leap at the opportunity for securing so prominent a "reading notice" in exchange for so much display advertising?

Ruck

# The Seven Arts

by James Plunket



**The Calomel Club in Cuba** Half a dozen members of the Calomel Club sat in the club window and ogled the pretty belles of Greenwich who passed on their way from work. "I see by this guide book" remarked Flotsam, the art critic, "that you can go to Cuba and back for \$94.99." "You can go to Hades or Hoboken cheaper," interposed Kaustic, the critic of drama. "Let's all go," said Aronstein, the literary critic. "'Put on the pot,' said Greedy-gut, 'We'll sup before we go,'" chimed in Slumpkins, the music critic. "Honest, boys, why not?" Flotsam suffered from hay-fever but detested the hills of New Hampshire as a cure; because, asserted the club, he could get nothing to drink up yonder. The four men consulted the steamship company's bargain-counter offer. One week on the water—four days going down, three coming back—and four days in Havana, hotel and board included. It was tempting. "But the climate in September?" suggested the cautious Aronstein. "It can't be worse than New York," interrupted Kaustic. "Away!" cried Flotsam, "Let's all go!" was the answering chorus. "Agreed, but mind you, no trunks. They will only be a nuisance," advised Slumpkins, who was fat and hated packing. "All aboard!" intoned Aronstein. They separated to make their preparations for the journey, but not before a parting bottle. The Calomels were born thirsty.

**They're Off** Excepting that the humidity was terrific there was nothing unusual in the getaway from the city. "Anyhow, in Havana there is no humidity, the nights are cool," said the ticket agent and the club took his words at par. Kaustic was the first man at the bar in the smoking room and scolded the steward for not opening it precisely as the steamer left the dock. "I'll report you," he amiably added. The man grinned. He knew the Yankees and their exacting ways. He served the drinks, and the quartet settled down for a good time and much card playing. They had decided on penny-ante; pinochle was rather common. But they couldn't hear themselves, the noise in the smoking room and on the decks was so awful. Owing to the quarantine having been lifted, a mob of Cubans with their children, disorderly and impudent, were returning to their home. The club was appalled at the liberty, the license, permitted these brats who smoked, blasphemed and played "seven-thirty" the entire day and till midnight. Amusingly mature as they were, they got on the club's nerves. One shaver, (he couldn't have been more than ten) fought for his cards, abused the steward and swore like a trooper. Their prudent parents kept away from these children, afraid of them, as the club noted. However, as the heat increased, the voyage was sooner ended, and on the morning of the fourth day, Jetsam went on deck and saw the lights of Havana. It was a deliciously cool dawn. Morro Castle loomed ahead, and a full moon poured down upon the still sleeping town its vitreous rays. Jetsam awakened the club. They rushed to the dining saloon for their last breakfast, and Flotsam yelled: "Hurrah! my hay-fever has vanished. This is the life." The big boat came to rest, the harbor was gay with launches and the

bustle, hustle, noise, excitement of a speedy landing filled the collective bosom of the club with joyful anticipation. Then the health officers came aboard and later the port officers. The Calomel Club packed its grips and was ready for the fray.

## In Quarantine

A hitch, what's the matter? When the quartet left the dining hall, a Cuban in white uniform stopped them. By signs they were told to remain. No explanation. "Infantile Paralysis," hinted Aronstein, who limped because he had cut his toe on his baby's coral rattle just before sailing. Rot! was the criticism of the club. But matters were serious when the club was informed that its members, in company with a dozen children must cross the river to quarantine. "We're not sick," expostulated the club *en masse*. Shoulder-shrugging and no other response! A half hour later saw them on board an old East River ferry tub, rechristened the "Casa Blanca," but the Cuban children had disappeared. They were exempt, as they could be kept under supervision in their various homes! Only the club, a Mexican woman and her baby, and a Dutch lady from Utrecht, and her big, handsome girl, were swiftly conveyed to Quarantine, a white building overlooking the harbor. It wasn't so bad, and it was cool and shaded. That was one thing in its favor, for the harbor had become a Turkish bath. "Well, we are in for it, boys," said Kaustic and bitterly reproaching Flotsam, he cried: "You, who boast of your Spanish! You can walk Spanish but you can't talk it, I'll bet—what did you say to that monkey in uniform when he asked our names?" Flotsam was nettled: "I told him in perfectly clear Spanish that our names were not 'Carlos Hernandez,' 'Miguel Cervantes—' nor 'Pat Maginnis, nor 'Peter McSlob,'" brutally interjected Kaustic. "I told the officer" calmly continued Flotsam, "that there must be an error in the passenger list, but the fact I spoke Spanish only made him more suspicious. I assured him, that Aronstein, despite his limp, was not suffering from poliomyelitis. Thereupon Aronstein violently protested: "No use kicking, boys, we are detained, and as soon as I can get the American consul on the 'phone"—"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Kaustic. "The joke would be on us if this thing gets into the papers. Leave it to me. I'll square matters with the 'Dons.'" He touched a button and presently a huge negro appeared. He seemed good-natured, and in excellent English (he came from Virginia) he informed the club that it was at liberty to wander anywhere on this side of the river and the board and lodging would be \$3 a day, per person. A howl of rage! "Our hotel bills are paid in advance!" The darky smiled a wide smile. "Boss," he said to Kaustic, "cross the gypsy's hand with silver and I'll take you over to the city; but only after sundown. Better settle here till your little affair is squared and in the meantime see Morro Castle and the Cabana fortress. You would have to see them even if you were in Havana. What can I serve you, gentlemen?" This was voted satisfactory and after they were served several times

(Continued on page 22)

## Those Carnegie Interviews

(Special to any Newspaper)

NEW YORK, or SKIBO or what you will:— Andrew Carnegie arrived here from somewhere else yesterday. He was met at the station by a four-wheeled vehicle which did not leave until the Steel Master was inside of it. Mr. Carnegie looked very well. He wore a hat on his head, a coat on the upper portion of his body, and a pair of trousers on his legs. His face was the same as usual.

Before stepping into the family carriage, Mr. Carnegie consented to talk for a few minutes to the reporters who were present.

"What do you think of the weather, Mr. Carnegie?" one reporter, bolder than the rest, inquired.

"I think, sir, that it is a very nice day," the magnate replied with a good humored smile. "If it stays clear through the night, and the wind does not change, I have no hesitation in saying that it will also be a very nice day tomorrow. On the other hand, if weather conditions should become less favorable, it may rain."

Here someone mentioned to Mr. Carnegie that the sun had been out most of the day and that it had caused the atmosphere to be very warm and pleasant.

"I am delighted to hear it," said he, with great affability; "sunshine is exceedingly pleasant. I think we should all get as much sunshine into our systems as possible. If you wish to be happy and healthy, get out in the



"Mother, you got me into an awful mess with Willie Jones. You said the way to a man's heart was through his stummick, so I fed him a lot o' mud pies!"

"I make it my rule never to talk on such things for publication," he said. "I will, however, say a few words that just occurred to me. Golf is a great game. I enjoy it. Honesty is the best policy. A rolling stone gathers no moss. Cobbler, stick to thy last. Practice what you preach. Golf has improved my health very much indeed. Put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket. Make hay while the sun shines. Put something by for a rainy day. Good day, gentlemen."

Mr. Carnegie, in getting into his carriage,

waiting vehicle in the customary manner. He was driven away at once, the carriage starting as soon as the horses began to pull it.

Three sets of twins were born within a few hours of one another in a certain section of rural Indiana the other day. There seems to be such a thing as carrying Intensive Farming too far.

Woman challenges Robins, says a news headline. No; it is not a defi to the whole Brooklyn Ball team. It is Raymond Robins of Chicago whom the woman challenges. These nicknames are confusing sometimes.

"The people of Mexico have not been suffered to own their own country or direct their own institutions."

— The President.

Mexico, did you say?

President Ripley of the Sante Fé states that his road, for one, will not obey the new eight-hour law. Mr. Ripley should look up the story of the late John Y. McKane who once gained fame by saying: "Injunctions don't go here."

The Kaiser has conferred the *Ordre pour le mérite* upon the General who taught the Crown Prince all the latter knows about war. All he knew, that is, before the Verdun campaign.



— Drawn by Hal Burrows

"How is it that three girls who take up this much room on the street can stuff themselves into a telephone booth this size?"

sun. It is very much pleasanter on a bright sunny day than it is on a raw cloudy one."

Mr. Carnegie was asked whether he cared to make any comment on current events, but he smilingly declined to be drawn out.

employed the usual method. He walked across the station platform to where the carriage stood, putting forward first one foot then the other, and on arriving at the carriage raised his body off the boards and into the

THE MISTRESS: Does this hat make me appear younger, Mary?

THE MAID: Yes, mum. When we went to market together yesterday, they took you for my daughter.





DRAWN FOR PUCK BY HEATH ROBINSON OF LONDON. COPYRIGHT IN U. S. A. BY PUCK PUB. CORPORATION

### THE DERELICT

MRS. OLDWIFE (returning from birthday party): "Great Snakes! No more lobster suppers for me!"



— Drawn by W. J. Enright

### THE STAR BOARDER

## Politics and Politicians

History, a reflective person has told us, is only past politics. This explains why Clio, the muse of history, is so dexterous in applying the whitewash brush on her favorite sons. It also accounts for the fact that newspapers make excellent chronicles but poor history.

Usually, politics bears about the same relation to the needs of the country as legality does to abstract justice. A politician who incidentally does anything worth while for the good of the people shouts it not only from the housetops but from every stump. Normally the only thing he does for the public is to raise its tax rate. To mix a metaphor in his honor (he sometimes mixes things himself — not metaphors) his light was not born to blush unseen nor was the flower of his manhood created to be hid under a bushel. Like the college student he does not strive for perfection. Sixty per cent for the body politic is enough; the rest is for some other body much closer to his Ego. What happens to the other forty frequently becomes the work of rude, meddling investigators when reform waves inundate *hoi polloi*.

If a politician is in office he attempts to prove (only before election) what a boon his re-election would be; if out of office, what a disaster his defeat would entail upon a country at the mercy of — a pause for breath preliminary to uttering harsh, cruel words. Subconsciously, of course, the politician believes in the welfare of his own pocket as a fundamental principle. If he is elemental he is even tempted to say so and sometimes does, to his own undoing. Generally, however, a loud voice and emphatic gestures help him create an atmosphere of altruism.

During oratorical flights he indulges a weakness for "pointing with pride" to little things about himself that might otherwise escape notice, preferably his record of achievements. Most generally we find him standing on it and on his party platform. The population of the earth for him is divided into two classes: constituents and opponents. The latter are creatures whose selection to office invariably "spells ruin" to, and "wreaks calamity" on, whatever district, county, city, state or nation is hazardous enough to harbor them. The inference may be drawn justly that a politician's humility is in inverse ratio to his gall — that is, it is a fit subject for microscopic analysis.

If logic carried elections each side would have the other beaten decisively numerous times. Campaign managers will be glad to verify this. Unfortunately, however, what renders politics so uncertain is the same element that makes the relative speed of ponies so puzzling and, withal, so fascinating.

The Sultan of Turkey is said to be anxious to abdicate. His Majesty, the Sultan, feels very much like the manager of a tail-end team.

Roosevelt would make a political platform as binding as a promissory note. And, as in the case of a note, we suppose it would be permissible to get an extension of time when the platform fell due.



## LOOK AROUND NOW FOR YOUR EXIT

### Look at the Street Clock

The most significant truth learned from attendance at the theatre during the early season is that carrying a watch is a dangerous practice. Twice so far has guilt been discovered through a tell-tale time-piece. The lovers in "The Intruder" are found out because he leaves his watch behind him. The wicked capitalist in "Back-fire" dropped his watch as he set fire to his own warehouses — he wished to collect the insurance.

How the drama has advanced technically! Time was when coincidence was the dramatist's right arm.

### Dramatised Dollars

The play of American business has come back in this season in which novelties are few and far between. All the old gang: soul-crushing capitalists, snivelling directors who prate religion, strong men whose doctrine is the survival of the fittest, and those who practice larceny on a grand scale — we know them all.

### The Woman Pursues

A pity it is that Walter N. Lawrence who gave the theatre so many good things in the past should have found no better play for his return to management than Stuart Fox's "Back-fire."

Every dramatist now-a-days knows his Wall Street before he sits down at his desk. But in spite of the author's use of modern business terms and stress upon "contributory negligence" this play might well have been written twenty-five or thirty years ago.

One of the more honest in a group of capitalists is caught in a cotton deal and bankrupted. His elder daughter becomes secretary to the very man who ruined her father. She plans, she plots, she schemes, and by the end of the play has brought ruin upon the man who was responsible for her father's change in fortune.

### Mixed Styles

A night later in the theatre while witnessing Roi Cooper Megrue's and Irvin Cobb's play "Under Sentence" the work of the late

Charles Klein was again brought back to mind. The authors would probably prefer to consider their drama one of prison reform rather than of big business. In spite of the bibliography in the program, the use of many of the things advocated by the most ardent of prison reformers, and some very genuine horrors early in the play, "Under Sentence" does not deserve to rank with Galsworthy's "Justice," and any comparison is decidedly to its disadvantage. However desirable it may be that men in prisons be humanely treated and play baseball and have theatrical performances, the scenes in which these things are advocated and brought about do not carry conviction.



### The Victim and Vengeance

An assistant cashier, who signs paper because his superiors ask him to, is made the scape-goat when the bank examiners come around. Because he is told it will give him a shorter sentence, he pleads guilty. Then as in other prison and big business plays, the heroine sets out on her tour of vengeance. It leads to the library of the capitalist's house. She bags her game and the capitalist wears his stripes. He has brains, money, and a lawyer outside. He elects a governor of the state who later consents to make him warden of the prison while he is still serving his sentence. All ends happily, in general rejoicing over the bettered conditions of the men in the prison and out of it.

The drama is not the best medium for advocating reform even when the subject is the sympathetic one of prisons and the lives men lead in them. It is quite another matter with the novel of purpose, as Dickens and Charles Reade proved.

Irvin Cobb has again furnished proof that the man who writes good stories does not necessarily write well in the idiom of the theatre. In neither "Back Home" nor "Under Sentence" has he scored heavily and in both he was helped by skilled collaborators.

### Better Than Its Kind

Where the appeal is so varied as in "Miss Springtime," a musical comedy with music by Emmerich Kalman and book by Guy Bolton, many persons who do not care for the present-day musical comedy are sure to find something that interests them. The story is rather more romantic and less like a cabaret than most of our operettas. Strangely enough in spite of this, the comedy all seems interpolated and does not arise from the situations, which are deficient both in freshness and pointedness. John Hazzard and Georgia O'Ramey are as funny as their material allows them to be and much funnier than most people could be with the same material. There is good singing, music with workmanship, charm, and beauty of investiture: Joseph Urban, as almost always, has done the scenery.



## THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

By H. C. BUNNER

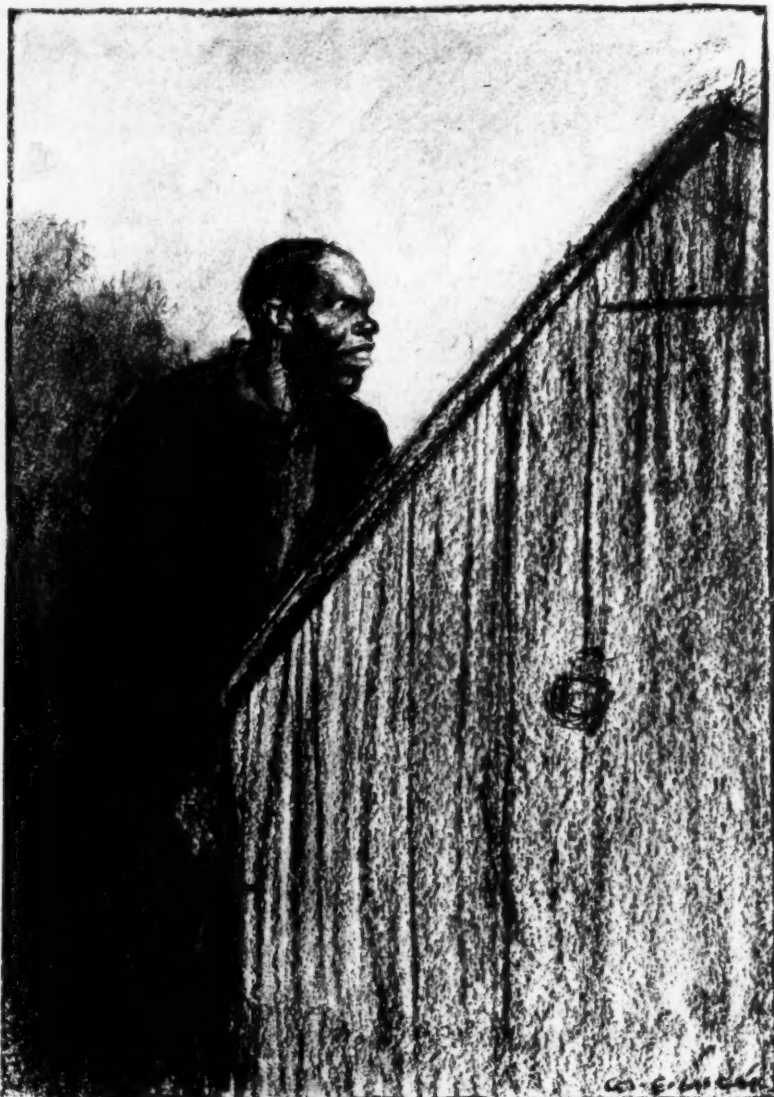
Illustrated by W. E. Hill

### PART IX

PAUL was almost afraid to face Adèle with this piece of news; but she took it much more philosophically than he had any reason to expect she would.

"I'm sure it might be a great deal worse, Paul," she said. "The bed-room is perfectly nice and clean, for I've looked to see, and if

dared to hope for, although these results were no more than ham and potatoes, and something that had aspirations in the way of being coffee. The sight of a couple of lonely, gawky hens, that looked as if they were trying to make up their minds to give over domesticated life altogether and adopt the profession of wild-fowl, suggested the



"D'ye want to get out, boss?" he whispered.

we could find something for supper we should do very well. If I could get something to eat I think I could stand anything; and really, do you know, Paul, I was getting very tired of the Ontowasco House. I was just thinking about it when you were talking to the boy."

"Adèle, you are an angel," said Paul.

"Nonsense!" said Adèle, "though of course I am glad, dear, if you think so."

They investigated the larder of the Summit House with better results than they had

possibility of eggs; and search under the bushes behind the house was rewarded with a couple in delightfully fresh condition. And as folks who have a ham-and-egg appetite and the ham-and-eggs to go with it are not in the least to be pitied, it was naturally enough two contented and happy Browns who stretched themselves out an hour or so later to watch the Summer moon climbing up the sky.

When a young couple can only look back on a courtship conducted in a Philadelphia

seminary for young ladies, under what may be called circumstances of aggravated bread-and-butter and slate-pencil, mountain-tops and midsummer moonlight nights come in uncommonly handy, even if they are a little late. Paul lit his pipe, and they lay out in the white glare and looked up at the stars.

"They were very good, Paul," said Adèle, "and I am glad you liked them; but where was it that we had such delicious ones on our wedding trip?"

"At Saratoga, dear. Don't you remember? they were Saratoga chips."

"Oh, yes!" said Adèle; "how stupid of me to forget it? I must learn to make those. Do you think I could?"

"Oh, you could learn to make anything!" said Paul, with perfect confidence.

Maybe you don't think that was romance. Well, you don't know; you simply don't know.

It was so much romance that they both started up almost guiltily, as a strange sound suddenly reached them from far down the mountain-side.

"Why, Paul!" cried Adèle; "it must be Mr. Jepp with the carriage. What shall we do? I don't want to go back to the Ontowasco House after making up that lovely bunk."

"Well, we'll tell him to go back," said Paul. "He can have our room at the Ontowasco House, and we'll swap with him. Perfectly simple."

The sound of wheels slowly drew nearer as the vehicle crawled up the mountain-side. At last it came to a place where the twisting and doubling road ran through a cleared spot, and here the Browns, looking down, saw that it was not a carriage, nor yet Mr. Jepp, but a ramshackle farm-wagon driven by a singularly lean man, with a weedy, long, goat-like beard. Adèle looked a little frightened.

"Who can it be, Paul?" she whispered.

"I don't know," replied Paul. "Some farmer going home, I suppose. I only hope he doesn't want to stay here to-night, because—"

"Because what?" asked Adèle.

"Because he shan't."

But it looked as though their hospitality was to be put to the test, for when the stranger reached the summit of the hill, he hitched his horse, which was as ramshackle as the wagon, to a convenient tree, and slowly advanced toward them.

"Evenin'," said he.

"Good evening," said Paul.

"Seasonable night," said the stranger. "Jepp around?"

"Mr. Jepp," said Paul, "is in Greenhill Plains."

"Yes," said the stranger, reflectively; "yes, I seen him there. Fuller'n a tick."

"May I ask," inquired Paul, "if it is customary for Mr. Jepp to get intoxicated?"

"Oh, yes!" said the stranger; "quite so."

He still stroked his beard, while his eyes wandered vacantly around.

"Quite so," he repeated reflectively; "quite so."

Paul grew impatient.

"Can I do anything for you?" he said at last. "I am in charge here during Mr. Jepp's absence. I am sorry I can't put you up, as



the accommodations of the establishment are rather limited; and I can't give you any supper, for my wife and I have eaten all there was; but anything else that I can do for you —

"I'm going home," said the man with the beard, "and I don't want no supper." Still he stood in a doubtful, uneasy sort of way, as though he wanted something and didn't care to mention it.

"Is there anything you'd like to drink?" inquired Paul. "There is some nice, cool ginger-ale."

The strange man pulled at his beard in an agony of indecision. At last he spoke.

"I'll take a cocktail," he said.

"I am afraid," began Paul — but the stranger raised a pair of mournful eyes toward heaven.

"No; don't," he said; and then he checked himself as suddenly.

"Yes," he said; "go ahead, I'll take it."

Paul went behind the bar and lit the kerosene lamp. There he was joined by Adèle.

"Paul," said she, "that man is deceiving you. I know it."

"How do you know?" asked Paul.

"Because I saw his expression as soon as he saw you go in here. Paul, I don't believe he's got any more stomach-ache than you or I have."

"Hush, my dear," said Paul, for the man had already followed them in, and was standing by the doorway.

"I don't care, dear," said his wife; "I'm right; you'll see if I'm not. That man's a humbug and a hypocrite. You may trust a

thing deceitful and dishonest in the very turn of the stranger's head. He felt all the irritation of the honest man, who takes his drink and sees no harm in it, for the man who takes it in violation of his own principles. And, just as a sense of this feeling came over him, temptation in its most trying form put itself in his way. For I take it that no American is more keenly tempted than when the spirit of revenge and his sense of humor work together. Paul's eye had fallen upon a bottle labelled "benzine."

"By thunder!" he said to himself; "that fellow shall have a cocktail, and he shall not forget it in a hurry, either."

"There!" he said, pushing across the counter the drink he had mixed, and his gorge rose as he saw the stranger come



*The man was standing by the doorway.*

*"Breakfast is ready," said Mrs. Wimple.*

"I couldn't take nothing only a cocktail," he said. "I feel a kind of goneness here." He laid his hand upon his stomach, and Paul perceived that he did, indeed, look faint and pale, and appeared to be suffering.

"I hate to do it," he said sadly, as though he were speaking to himself.

Paul felt his sympathies aroused. "I'll do what I can, sir," he said; "but I'm afraid this is not the place to come to for a good cocktail. However, if you feel faint, I suppose the liquor will do you good, any way."

He started for the bar, but the man held out a hand as if to detain him.

woman's instinct. I am perfectly certain of it."

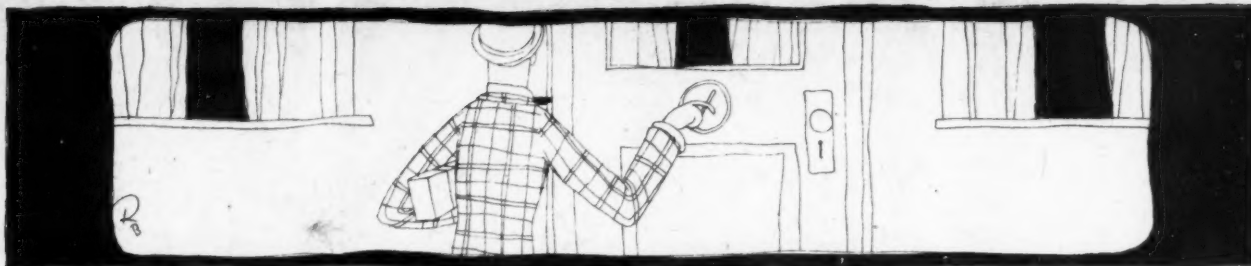
Now, there are few harder moments in a man's life than the moment when his wife tells him that another man in whom he has trusted is abusing his confidence. It is a moment that has been too much for the good sense and discretion of experienced and middle-aged men, long past hugging the delusions of their youth; and that it should move a comparatively green youngster to indiscretion is not to be wondered at. Paul looked in angry doubt at the dark figure by the door, and thought he could detect some-

forward and continue his curious pantomime of hesitancy.

"What a humbug!" thought Paul; "and all that nonsense for the benefit of two people who don't care a stiver what he drinks, or how he drinks it."

The stranger came up to the bar in a doubtful, nervous way, as though even yet he had not made up his mind, and Paul gave the drink a final, disgusted shove. This seemed to decide him. He pushed back a coin to Paul, and Paul slung it contemptuously into the till. The man grasped his glass and drained

*(Continued on page 23)*



## THE PURSUIT OF PRIVACY—EPISODE THREE

## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

**Must Come off High Horse**

Say fellers: I've got a dandy buckskin horse, 4 years old about 16 feet hi an' Ime bound to sell 'im. F U Don't C Me C Bill Frazer.

— *The Gravette (Ark.) News-Herald.*

**The Optimist**

Walter Mull has his haying quite well started. He expects to finish some time.

— *The Berkshire (Mass.) Eagle.*

**Broadminded but Particular**

WANTED—Position as housekeeper on farm. Employer must be a bachelor, with or without children.

— *The Iowa City (Ia.) Press.*

**A Queer Place for Water**

John Anthony of Sagamore stopped at C. S. Beers Friday night while on his way home from Yatesboro. The water ran out of his car and he stopped to fill it and had quite a talk with Mr. Beers.

— *The Rural Valley (Pa.) Advance.*

**A Model Town**

A game warden wearing a star as big as a pancake was in Leeton the other day, but he could not find anybody that had did anything to either fish or fowl.

— *The Leeton (Mo.) Times.*

**The Sterner Sex**

Mr. Bill Allrod carried his best girl to church Sunday.

— *The Cleveland County (Ark.) Herald.*

**Not a Chance for the Modest**

FOR RENT—A furnished room, privilege of bath in Main street. Inquire of D. T. Chessroom.

— *The Monongahela (Pa.) Republican.*

**Near to Nature Dance**

Miss Isabelle Gillmer was hostess last evening to an informal dance at Opera hall. It was in the nature of a Harvest Moon dance, the "moon" being a spot light in one corner.

— *The Warren (O.) Tribune.*

**But Will He Tell?**

Leonard Carpenter, who became a Freshman this year, was initiated by the Sophomores last week. The particulars can only be learned from Leonard.

— *The Norwalk (O.) Experiment.*

**A Queer Practice**

We much regret the leaving of Carl Johnson, our most honest and respectable blacksmith, who has had a practice here in our village for about fourteen years.

— *The Freeborn County (Minn.) Standard.*

**It Pays to Leave Home**

John Hazelton of Portland was in town during the fair. Though John has been away 17 years he has more friends here than perhaps any other man. One of his daughters is in a business college preparing herself for that kind of work.

— *The Norway (Me.) Advertiser.*

**But Why? They will be More Desired**

The editors of the country have been in consternation lately, over the announcement that the price of Bibles was to be advanced at once.

— *The Montevideo (Minn.) Leader.*

**He Will Take No Chances**

WANTED—Widower, 32, earning small wages, wants homely housekeeper for 2 rooms. State age and wages.

— *Adv. in the Winnipeg Tribune.*

**The Popular Man Comes Back**

Joe Meinyer, who is now hostler for Cox's horses in Carthage, came home to Elvaston Sunday long enough to attend services at the Baptist church, to which he belongs. Every one likes Joe, and there was no small stir when he came in. The pastor could not resist the temptation to pause long enough in his sermon to greet him.

— *The Keokuk (Ia.) Gate City.*

**Not Enough for Feminine Eyes**

Miss Amy Starr wore something for a covering. It was of a filmy nature, with silver spangles.

— *The Lane (W. Va.) News.*

**The Modern Family**

The stork visited Irwin Trinkle Monday and presented him with a new son, all getting along fine except Grandpa Sorrels, and he was able to hobble around on crutches this a. m.

— *The Paoli (Ind.) News.*

**Hard on Fred**

Fred Plummer accompanied a pretty girl home a few nights ago the first in his life. He sure has a smile on.

— *The Lonoke County (Ark.) News.*

## ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"Can I marry your daughter, sir?"

"Are you able to support her?"

"I hate to brag about myself, but say — I'm an A No. 1 bug chaser!"

### A Natural Mistake

"While I can make it out in a general way," said Mr. Blinkers, "still I wish that the Post Office Department would make these Parcels Post maps a trifle plainer. The system of postal zones, while comparatively simple to learn, is for all that a trifle hard to grasp at the start. Now, I want to send a box of dog biscuit out to Sioux City. This is the New York Zone, and I can't make out from the map whether —"

"Why, Father," said Mrs. Blinkers, "you've mislaid your glasses again. That isn't a postal zone map."

"No?"

"No; it's an Atlantic Coast hurricane chart, issued by the Washington Weather Bureau."



PROPRIETOR: "Hey, didn't I tell you not to put any parasols in the window? D'ye want the sun to fade 'em!"

### In the Zone of Eats

They were showing the stranger about the lower part of the town.

"There," they said, "in that big building, is the Tinware Club, one of the most famous of the lunch clubs."

"Oh," said the stranger intelligently, "one has to be in the tinware business to be eligible for membership, I suppose."

"Not at all," they corrected; "most of the members of the Tinware Club are lawyers."

"Then whereabouts do the tinware men lunch?"

"Mostly at the Boot and Shoe Club."

"And the boot and shoe men?"

"At the Iron Trades Club."

"And the men in the iron trade?"

"At the Hide and Tallow Club."

"And the hide and tallow men?"

"At the Lawyers' Club."

"And the lawyers? Ah, I recollect; at the Tinware Club. But why such a state of affairs? Is it not considered odd?"

"Each one of these clubs is extremely exclusive, and the Membership Committee is very particular whom it takes in."

are always ready—for a swift, soft, smooth shave—at any time—and GEM lasts for years. Some far-off day—when a GEM wears out—we'll then know how long they last, but, until then, your guess is as good as ours. Used 35 YEARS—on a BILLION beards—and we've yet to see a worn-out GEM.

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—Drawn by Power O'Malley

### The Interlude

#### A Noteworthy Venture in Real Estate

"The Great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is to be sold at auction in the near future."—*News Item.*

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed the energetic globe-trotter, as he entered the mouth of the Great Mammoth Cave and gazed in astonishment at the up-to-date onyx columns, rubber plants, uniformed bell-boys and smiling attendants that greeted his eye, "well, well, well! How the old place has changed! Where has the old simplicity gone? I drop in here to catch a few blind fish and break off a couple of stalactites, and I find a lot of Pullman Palace innovations! What's the idea, anyway?"

The genial clerk behind the Carrara marble desk rubbed his hands together in amiable fashion and beamed upon the globe-trotter. "Of course you know," he ventured ingratiatingly, "that the Great Mammoth Cave was purchased at auction some time ago by the International Obscurity League for the purpose of providing a retreat and health-resort for persons who wished to drop out of sight with unusual thoroughness?"

"I don't know anything about it!" exclaimed the energetic globe-trotter fretfully. "Never heard of such a thing. Who would want to spend any length of time in a cave, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, the world is full of people who want to do just that," declared the clerk politely. "There are thousands of men and women who are always eager to crawl into a hole in the ground and pull the hole in after them. You know the sort of person—badly defeated politicians, co-respondents in divorce suits, dethroned or disgraced rulers, women whose last hat was unbecoming, or whose latest reception was a fizzle, grafters who have been exposed: that is the class of people to whom we cater."

"And do many people patronize the cave?" enquired the globe-trotter doubtfully.

"Do they!" exclaimed the clerk. "Well,

I should say they did. Just after the Great War we advertised in all the foreign papers; and as a result, every room in our underground hotel was occupied by a prominent foreigner. We had Soukhomlinoff, the Russian Minister of Munitions who grafted himself to wealth at the same time that he grafted thousands of his fellow-countrymen to defeat and death. We had the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, who considered themselves very fortunate to be able to retire to such an enjoyable spot and escape the storm of opprobrium which was aimed at them when the true causes of the War became known in Germany. We had a number of German submarine commanders, as well as several Bulgarians who were responsible for the entrance of Bulgaria into the War on the side of the Central Powers. Count Zeppelin was with us awhile, as was the inventor of poison gas and the man to blame for the destruction of Louvain. Then, after the 1916 election in this country, we had a tremendous influx of American politicians. If you care for it, we'll give you the hole-in-the-ground *de luxe* that was occupied by the man who gave out an interview saying that sharks on the North Atlantic seaboard would never attack a human."

"Thank you," replied the globe-trotter coldly, "but I think that I won't stay here over night. I really can't afford to be associated with your patrons."

"I understand," said the clerk regretfully, "and we're sorry to lose your trade. Just remember that if you ever do anything that makes you want to hide from everyone's eyes, including your own, you can be accommodated at the Great Mammoth Cave. No publicity; no prying eyes; no disagreeable sunshine. Everything dark, gloomy and obscured. Come any time, and you'll always find us on the job."

—Kenneth L. Roberts.

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By COSMO HAMILTON

Author of "The Blindness of Virtue"

### A Story of Youth's Temptations

"The Sins of the Children" is a novel of American family life, illustrating the dangers to young people that come from a lack of knowledge of sex truths.

Mr. Hamilton has handled a difficult theme fearlessly but delicately, and a more charming love story than that of big honest Peter Guthrie and Betty Townsend has not been told in a long time. While its candor will be condemned by a few, people conversant with modern thought and literature will praise it without reservation, and it will cause many to ask themselves "Have I done my duty by my children."

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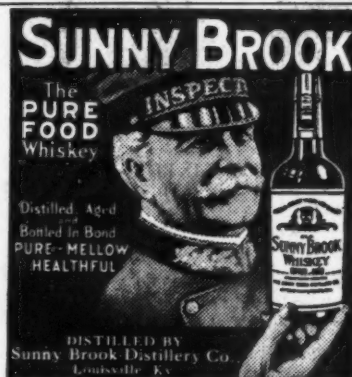
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We would like to hear from readers who are willing to dispose of the following back numbers of PUCK:

May 29, 1915

June 12, 1915

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
Madison Square New York



## Sympathy

"So sorry to hear of your motor accident."  
 "Oh, it's nothing, thanks. I expect to live through many more."  
 "Oh, but I hope not!"

"Cullen's car got away from him and ran fifteen miles on a country road."

"I'll bet he was mad!"

"On the contrary, he was delighted. He said it was the best run his car has made without adjustment."

You never can tell. The world's largest onion beds burned up the other day, and it certainly seemed at first as though that circumstance ought to contain a paragraph.

Mr. Hughes calls one of Mr. Wilson's policies double-edged, probably meaning that it cuts both ways.

BOB: Perhaps we had better forget one another?

BESS: Oh, I couldn't do that — I have so few things to laugh about!

JIM JONES: But how can I love my neighbor as myself, when his dog howls all night?

THE PARSON: Why very easy, brother Jones — very easy — just poison his dog!

Miss Fortyodd has been aroused from her slumbers by a rather awkward burglar. Thinking to quiet her, the burglar said gently:

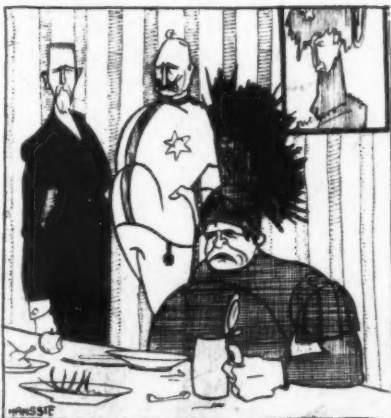
"I don't want you, lady; only your money."

Whereupon Miss Fortyodd sniffed contemptuously and replied:

"Get out; you're just like all the rest of them!"

MOTHER: Sh! Freddy! You shouldn't laugh so loudly in public!

FREDDY: I didn't mean to. I was smiling when all of a sudden the smile busted.



## THE DISLIKED GUEST

KAISER TO BETHMANN-HOLLWEG: "Theobald, Theobald, I fear I can't afford to feed him longer."

ROXANNE ROX: Harold may I ask the clergyman to omit from the marriage service the word "obey"?

HAROLD HARDUP: Certainly, darling. Just tell him to make it "love, honor, and supply."



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 Plain or Cork Tip

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Grape Juice Dept.

CHICAGO

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## The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

the club sallied forth to see the sights. They saw them — the same old guide-book stuff, dungeons deep, and tours across red hot fields. Slumpkins swore at the heat, and Flotsam spoke vaguely of a cup of ice water in hell. Thoroughly exhausted, they slept away the long afternoon. As the sunset gun was fired at Morro Castle, the negro made his appearance. "Boss," he asked, "are you all ready? The launch is here. Five dollars, please." The club went down into their jeans and forked out. Anything to get across to the magical city of white palaces, green parks, and sparkling fountains, blazing with lights. Ten minutes puffing and they were landed near the San Francisco, hard by the Customs, and were informed by their guide that the little boat would tie up to the wharf till their return, till sun-up, if necessary; but by six a. m. they must be back in Quarantine.

### Havana by Night

They were personally conducted to the café "Two Brothers" where, on the terrace in full view of the water, they made the acquaintance of the Havaneese cuisine. The club was wafted into the eighth heaven of the epicure. They devoured, though with discrimination, a fish-chowder; then they had red snapper cooked in paper bags — "the first to taste like Denny McGowan's in Philadelphia," remarked Kaustic; then came Mexican crabs with a delicious mayonnaise, the repast washed down with a light, palatable Spanish red wine. "If this be typical diet here, me for Havana, permanently," exclaimed Aronstein, who was a bit of a gourmand. They paid the bill, a singularly heavy one, and in taxis, sassy, noisy little Fords, they were whirled through narrow streets, smoking, as they went, big Hoyo cigars, and calling out to every girl they met. Policemen warned them, but the club hooted them. In vain their interpreter warned them that they would be arrested, for Havana is a sober, orderly town, and that the secret would come out of their having broken parole; but it was all in vain. By sheer good luck, the gang at last rode into the Prado where their clatters would not be noticed. A constellation of lights on Central Park reminded them of Coney Island. They stopped at the Plaza for drinks — shell-fish provokes thirst — and went up to its roof garden and saw Havana in all its glittering glory. Not Paris had so stirred the Club. Something remote, exotic, old-world, yet brilliantly new, met their enraptured gaze. They were in the mood optimistic. All was well with the island. Slumpkins was staring at the movies on the roof, and the dancers who were cavorting within to the thumping rhythms of the Cuban cubist dance music. Then they went up the Prado to the Malecon, the sea-wall, and from the piazza of the Miramar they raved over the magnificent spectacle of sky and water. The band was playing in the rotunda, the place swarmed with pretty señoritas in mantillas, chaperons at one side, and suitors at the other. "It's old Sevilla born anew under tropical stars"

cried Flotsam, moved by the magic of the lofty palms and the mystery of the moonlight night. Kaustic sternly bade him silence and another round was ordered. And still another. Their chauffeurs were also afloat with Tivoli beer, and the party finally wound up at the Alhambra music hall. What they there saw was evidently more than they had expected. Aronstein, who blushes easily, said afterwards that the entire show only could be represented by a row of asterisks. \* \* \* \* Rather woozy from their bold adventure, the club tumbled into the launch patiently awaiting them and reached quarantine as the salute to the rising sun was fired at Morro Castle.

### The Return

The next day they slept. And the next they dawdled about dodging cyclonic thunder storms, admiring the clouds and the beauty of the distant city. They cursed their luck; but when a very polite officer came to them early Saturday and apologized for their absurd detention, and in good English, they rose as a man and cheered. The mistake had arisen because of Flotsam's imperfect Spanish — "Aha! what did I tell you?" sneered Kaustic — who had told the authorities that they were contrabandista and one of their company was suffering from Infantile Paralysis. Aronstein groaned. "The Havana authorities, señors, offers you not only profuse apologies, but the hospitality of the city. Your steamship company has been informed of the change of your sailing plans and therefore you are not due to return to New York before this day a week. Señors! I salute you. What shall it be?" More cheers, and in the speech of his life, Kaustic returned thanks for the courtesy extended by the Mayor of Havana, but, he added, he fancied that his club would like to hike for home this same day, that is if all things were equal. They saw the invaluable Mr. Williams and were bowed on to the S. S. "Texico" as if they had been potentates. As they docked up the East river, a few days later, Aronstein muttered: "Poliomyelitis"; and Flotsam bravely cried: "We saw Havana at its best." The blond passenger agent of the line smilingly greeted them: "Well, gentlemen, what did I tell you! Havana is not sultry, and is always cool at night" — "yes, as cool as the hinges of hell," concluded, in his grimmest accents, Kaustic, the dramatic critic. The rest is silence.

One of the bright features of the white paper famine is the latter's relation to the Congressional Record. Some of the members of Congress are beginning dimly to realize that it might be just as well if they talked less.

A wire from Shanghai says that "practically all of the prominent Chinese" connected with the gigantic opium smuggling plot have been exonerated. Well, we should hope so. As soon accuse some of our prominent Massachusetts men of having something to do with a Republican wool schedule.



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## Nothing BUT THE Truth





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# PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE — No. 1

"How I saved the waterworks during the 'Great War'"

## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 17)

it at one draught. Then an expression of horror came over his face — an expression of horror which Paul never forgot to his dying day. The expression of horror was succeeded by one of profound doubt and wonderment. Then the man smelled of his glass, then he lifted the flap of his old-fashioned frock coat and smelled of that; and Paul knew that his sin had found him out; and that whatever that man knew about cocktails, he knew benzine when he smelled it. He stood almost paralyzed while the stranger walked solemnly around the bar, peered into the little cupboard, found the benzine bottle, examined the label, and then frightened himself up with a sigh of satisfaction. All trace of hesitancy had disappeared from the countenance of the man with the goat-like beard. He looked at Paul for one moment with an expression of withering calm.

"I didn't mean to," he said, "but I don't mind doing it now. Young man, I'm the Sheriff of North Greenhill County, and I arrest you for selling liquor without a license."

The moonlight shone brightly down upon the upper end of North Greenhill County — not the upper end of Greenhill County, which is a pleasant and civilized lowland, but of North Greenhill County, which is a lonely northward upland, spotted with abandoned farms.

With its last rays that night it looked down upon one of the most desolate of all these neglected ghosts of homesteads. It might have been a large farm at one time, but it had evidently been so many kinds of farms in the course of its struggle for existence, that its unlucky acres had long ceased to give the faintest suggestion of pride or promise, or even of plain, ordinary self-respect. There were wrecks of stock-barns and stables; there were stubble-fields where

corn and rye had grown; there were broad patches where stray pumpkins and lonely watermelons were all that was left to tell of some forgotten period of cultivation; there were pear and apple orchards gone to wrack and ruin. And apparently one of the latest phases of the farm's struggle for existence had been a desperate attempt at poultry-raising, for two or three home-made brooder-houses and chicken-runs stood in the back yard of the old frame farm-house, and showed fewer signs of decay than the dismal homestead itself.

At the end door of the newest of these structures — a low building with a narrow-paned skylight in its sloping roof — stood three figures: a good-looking young man and a good-looking young woman, both quite pale in the flooding moonlight, and a lean, long man with a goat-like beard. This latter was speaking in a tone between dubiousness and determination.

"It may be an outrage," he said, "but it's all the place I've got to put you, and it's all the lock-up the town's had in three years. If your lady don't like it, she can sit outside; she ain't under no arrest."

"Oh, no, Paul!" cried Adèle; "I'll go in there with you."

"Very well, Marm," said the Sheriff; "the last man in there was a nigger, and he was perfectly satisfied."

A minute or two later he had locked the door upon his two captives. He took a step toward the house, then he stopped and seemed to hesitate. But, after a moment, as though to give himself courage, he lifted the skirt of his coat to his nose; and, as he smelled of it, a look of stern resolution came into his face, and he proceeded with a firm step toward the house.

Paul Brown gazed after him through the narrow parallel bars of the skylight-frame, in which a few panes of glass were still to be seen. He clenched his hands, and his chest heaved. When he saw the farm-house

(Continued on page 24)



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FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 23)

door close behind the Sheriff, he slowly took off his coat, folded it, laid it upon an inverted water-pail in the corner, and with a courtly gesture invited his wife to take the seat thus prepared. Then, without saying a word, he proceeded to try the roof and sides of the house with his shoulder.

The gentlemen who can put their shoulders through inch plank and two-by-three joist may be seen almost any evening at any well-regulated Bowery theatre, escaping from loathsome dungeons and burning garrets, generally with a lovely heroine thrown over the shoulder that is not doing the bucking. But then they have six nights practice a week, to say nothing of matinées; and as this was the first time that Paul Brown had tried it, it was no wonder that he failed. When he found that he could not break out, he sat down on a box by the side of his wife and hid his face in his hands. Something shook his shoulders. They were only flesh and blood, after all. When his wife saw his shoulders shake, she put both her arms around his head and said:

"I don't mind, dear."

But Paul minded, and he knew in his inmost soul that he had good reason to mind. So far, in their little journey into the world, they had met with ill-luck, discomfort, privation, and even with physical danger. They had encountered suspicion and rude treatment: they had been cheated and imposed upon. And they had taken all that had come with light and contented hearts, as their share of the bad chances in the game of life.

But now they stood face to face with the bitter opposition of personal malignity, and Paul knew that all the pleasant and joyous spirit had gone out of their wayfaring, even if he were able to save this brave little wife from cruel annoyance and humiliation, such as a mean and narrow-minded yokel might delight to inflict, in the gratification of a petty spite.

And, no matter how long out of service it may be, a chicken-house never entirely recovers from the smell.

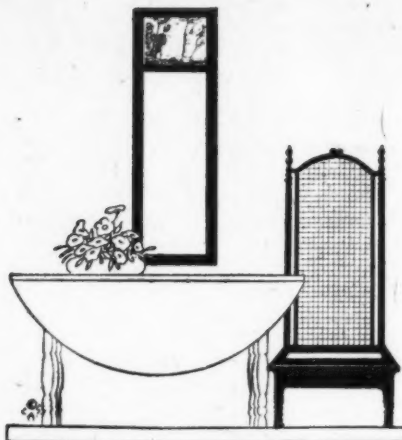
Suddenly Paul felt his wife's encircling arms twitch violently.

"Paul," she whispered, releasing him, "look there!"

As Paul looked up, he could not check a quick, cold chill about the roots of his hair. Straight in front of him, clearly visible through the skylight, stood a gigantic coal-black negro, stock-still in the moonlight, like some uncanny monster out of the Arabian nights. There was something frightful about the huge creature as he stood there, silent and motionless, staring at them with his broad, brute-like face. It was not until Paul observed a slight but regular lateral movement of the lower jaw, that he recognized the fact that a tie of common humanity bound him to the strange apparition. Paul smoked and the negro chewed, but tobacco belongs to the world of men and not to the world of spirits.

A gleam of hope sprang up before the prisoners, as the negro, with a sudden, cat-

(Continued on page opposite)



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## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 24)

like movement, advanced toward them, and grinned at them through a broken pane. It was a friendly grin; a kindly grin; a broad grin, perhaps; but it seemed to them a very beautiful grin.

"D' ye want to get out, boss?" he whispered. And the first twang of angel harps could not have sounded more sweet.

"I DO!" said Paul, with a vehemence and emphasis which he had been saving up for some time.

"What's it wuth?" asked the negro, flashing his white teeth in the moonlight.

"Anything!" said Paul, who felt for the moment that if that negro wanted the Congo River he ought to have it.

"Anything ain't nothing, once you get out," said the negro, with a cheerful laugh.

Paul saw that he had to deal with a man of the world, and went down into his pocket for his last handful of change.

He held it to the light in the hollow of his palm. The negro's face lit up with the illumination of avarice.

"Hand it out here, boss," he said.

"Hand *us* out," Paul said briefly and decisively.

Caucasian and Ethiopian gazed into each other's eyes. It was a struggle of will; and the Caucasian triumphed. The Ethiopian's eyes fell.

"I've got to trust to your honor as a gentleman, boss," he said. "What are you in for? Horses?"

"Confound your black impudence!" began Paul; and instantly a smile of happy confidence irradiated the hitherto doubtful face of the colored stranger.

"*Knowned* you was a gentleman, boss," he said, promptly. "Now, just step to that end over there and put yo' hand up to the roof. Feel a hook and staple thar, sah? Yas? Well, jest onhitch that hook. Now push the skylight up. Dere you are, sir. Lemme hold it open till your lady gets out."

In a dazed sort of way, Paul stepped out and helped Adèle after him, while the negro stood by, amiably grinning and holding the ventilating skylight open. In a dazed sort of way Paul paid over the remaining change in his pocket, to the last cent. In a dazed sort of way he inquired in what direction the railroad lay; and in a dazed sort of way the two Browns went toward the station.

When the midnight train roared on its southward way, after a brief stop at a little branch station just above the border-line of New York and New Jersey, it left behind it a station-agent and a flagman, who gazed speculatively, by the light of a couple of lanterns, at a curious little heap of personal belongings on the shelf in front of the ticket-seller's window.

"Mighty fishy security for two tickets to the Junction, Jim," said the station-agent, reflectively; "but I done it on *her* face, and I'll bet I don't get left, neither."

He turned over the articles in the heap before him. They were as follows:

One nickel-plated Waterbury watch,  
One lady's pencil case,

One gentleman's silk pocket-handkerchief,  
One penknife with a corkscrew in it,  
One small onyx scarf-pin,  
One silver match-safe,  
One very dry cigar,  
One visiting card:

*Mr. Paul Brown*

It was just six o'clock of a Summer's morning. The sun was lifting a soft opal mist from off a little Jersey town which peeped out of a nest of young green trees. A couple of young people, who looked somewhat the worse for wear, turned into a broad cheerful street with taller trees along the edge of the roadway, and with a row of low, spreading-roofed cottages on each side. Every house stood in a large generous patch of lawn or garden. At the further end of the street stood an old white church with a great pillared portico in front.

The young people turned into the gateway of one of the prettiest houses on the street. The roses were blooming in the front yard. The gravel walks were as neat as a new pin. Ampelopsis climbed over half the house; and there were scarlet runners on the sunny side.

One of the couple was a young man. The other was a young woman. When they got inside the gate they looked at each other, and the young woman said to the young man:

"Paul, do you know where we are?"

The young man looked with inquiring interest at the ampelopsis and the scarlet-runners.

"Paul," said the young woman, "we are At Home."

Paul felt that some religious ceremony was needed, so he took off his hat. Then they went into the house. The bright morning light filtered through the closed blinds into a pretty little parlor. The two young people, who seemed very disheveled, indeed, once they were inside the house, stood in the middle of the room and looked about them.

"It needs pictures," said Adèle, "and flowers and books and nonsense things. And, Paul, it's going to have them!"

But Paul was not thinking about the future adornment of the room. He was a man, and he hated to be laughed at. His eyes sought his open desk. He walked straight across the room, picked up a large unopened envelope that was lying upon it, and with a look of rapture he held it up for his wife to see.

"Yes, sir; I took the liberty of not delivering it, sir," said a familiar voice.

They turned, and saw Mrs. Wimple standing in the doorway.

"Lord bless your dear souls!" said Mrs. Wimple. "I knew you wouldn't be no year away." She took off Adèle's hat and gave her a motherly kiss. "Now you go right upstairs, and get yourselves ready, and I'll have breakfast on the table in no time."

(Continued on page 26)

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## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 25)

You look like you've been traveling all night. I kinder s'picioned you'd be home to-day, and so I raised some of them biscuit over night, that you say you like so drestle much. And there's five cucumbers on the vine in the back yard."

And she sailed off, leaving a stream of talk behind her, and went into the kitchen, where she talked right on, to the cat, in the gladness of her heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brown went upstairs, where they had an orgy with cold water, clean soap, and soft towels. Then they came downstairs, and Adèle led the way out-doors, and they walked down the neat paths among the flowers. Paul thought she was going to pluck a nosegay for the breakfast table, but she was not. She only moved among the flowers, caressing them with the tips of her fingers, patting their heads, and touching their cool cheeks as though they had been so many children. A great fat sleepy stock shook down a dash of water, and wet her hand, as she chuckled him under his white double chin; but she only laughed.

"Paul," she said, "do you know how long our year has been?"

"What year?" asked Paul.

He was doing so much thinking that he was stupid for the moment.

"The year that we ran away for," said Adèle. "It began last Monday, and it ends to-day; and to-day's Saturday."

"I knew it wasn't a year," said Paul; "but there was a good deal of it while it lasted."

"Yes," assented Adèle; "and do you know what we've been?"

"A pair of fools," answered Paul, promptly.

"Yes, dear," said his wife, taking his face between the tips of her dewy fingers and pulling it down, so that she could look into his eyes; "but nice fools, don't you think?"

"Breakfast is ready," said Mrs. Wimple.

THE END.

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